

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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R. M. IRVING
Editor and Proprietor.

Odds AND Ends FOR February.

Remnants Dress Goods
Remnants Silks
Big Bargains in
Ladies' Fine Shoes
Discount in all Corsets.

J. H. HARRIS.

WE DO NOT OFTEN CHANGE

Our ad., but our goods change hands every day. Your money exchanged for Value and Quality is the idea.

Big Line Fresh Groceries

Domestic and Imported.

Plain and Fancy Chinaware

A large and varied line.

Orders Filled Promptly and Complete. Visit our Store—we do the rest.

E. B. Horning.

New Furniture And Music Store.

SOUTH MAIN ST.
CORVALLIS, OR.

I Cordially invite you to inspect my New Stock of Goods consisting of

Various Musical Instruments,
Bed Lounges and Couches,
Bedroom Suites, Iron Bedsteads,
Maple and Ash Bedsteads, etc.
Woven Wire Springs,
Good Line of Mattresses,
Extension Tables, Center Tables,
Go Carts

Sideboards, Kitchen Safes,
Kitchen Treasures,
Dining Chairs, High Chairs,
Children's Rockers, and
Many Styles of Other Rockers.
Fine Lot Bamboo Furniture just in
Window Shades, Curtain Poles,
New Line of Wall Paper.

Also Sewing Machines, new and second-hand. Second-hand Pianos for sale and for rent. A few stoves and a few pieces of Granite ware left.

O. J. BLACKLEDGE.

MAKES CONFESSION.

ERNEST CASHEL PAYS THE
PENALTY FOR HIS CRIME
ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Gained Reputation by Sensational
Escape From Calgary Prison on
Day Set for the Execution.
—Other News.

Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 2.—Ernest Cashel, the young American of 21, who murdered Rancher Beale at Red Deer river paid the capital penalty this morning at Calgary. Before the hanging he made a public confession. The drip fell at six minutes past 8 o'clock. Treating the execution as though it were a show at the Opera house, a Calgary special says "the performance from an executioner's standpoint was a success."

Cashel employed his last moments in writing his confession, which he hopes some one will publish for the benefit of his brother John, who is serving a year in jail for helping him to escape.

Cashel gained notoriety through his escape from the mounted police barracks after his conviction and remaining in hiding for 45 days within six miles of the barracks.

Forger, horsestealer, highwayman, murderer, bandit, holdup man and jailbreaker. Such was the career of Ernest Cashel, the young American, who was hanged at Calgary last Tuesday morning. It was less than three years that he ran this rapid gamut of crime in the Northwest territories, choosing Calgary as his central point.

Clever, active and shrewd, Cashel came to the Northwest in the early rush of the "American invasion," and it was another of the invaders whom he murdered, namely, Isaac Rufus Beale, who settled in the Red Deer district in 1901, coming from Kansas.

Cashel and his parents settled at Ponoka, a town about 120 miles north of Calgary. For a time Cashel stayed by the farm. Getting tired of the monotony he took a trip to Calgary in September, 1902. There his money ran short before he had had his fill of a "good time." He thereupon forged a check and took his first known step in crime. He was only then 19 years old. A Calgary merchant cashed the check, Cashel spent the money and went home to Ponoka. The forgery was quickly discovered and the guilt placed at the right door. Chief of police English, of Calgary, went north and arrested Cashel in his home. When the return journey had been half completed and the train was going at full speed, Cashel without coat or vest, ran across the train and jumped out head first and escaped.

For the next five months Cashel was a fugitive from justice. In that time, according to his own statement, he was a bandit, a highwayman, an all-round desperado. When he escaped from Chief English he struck north 40 miles and got a few hours' lodging from a rancher named Amasa Driggs. He stole from him a horse, saddle, bridle and a coat and vest. He was next seen on October 21 heading for the lonely ranch of Rufus B. L. B. L. was home building. He had a wife and six children in Kansas for whom he was preparing the way. His nephew, Harry Thomas, lived a few miles away and called to see his uncle while Cashel was in the house. The latter said his name was Ellisworth. Beale showed his nephew a \$50 bill. That was his undoing. After Thomas left nobody ever saw Beale alive again.

A week later the nephew visited the Beale shack. There was no sign of life about the place. It was proved afterwards by circumstantial evidence, that Cashel had shot the Kansas man and thrown his body into Red Deer river. Between the two visits of the nephew the murderer was in flight. He had previously sold the horse he had stolen from Driggs and he rode south on a buckskin pony that belonged to Beale. He rode on a saddle which had Beale's name on it. On October 29 he stopped at a house near Inverfall and showed the \$50 bill. At Olds he sold Beale's pony "at a great sacrifice," and again showed the \$50 bill. He traveled armed to the teeth, with a gun, revolver and knife. A couple of days later he

appeared within a mile of Calgary. At this time he was wanted for forgery, for escaping from the police, for horsestealing, and was suspected of the murder of Beale, yet he had the nerve to go within a few rods of the Northwest mounted police barracks.

He finally came west in the direction of British Columbia. At the Anthracite, on the Canadian Pacific railway, he attempted to sell a diamond ring which he had stolen from the C. P. R. section foreman at Kananaskis. He was arrested and taken back to Calgary. He was tried on the two charges of horsestealing and robbery, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years in Stony Mountain penitentiary.

Meanwhile the police were hunting for the remains of B. L. They had their suspected murderer in jail, but they had to produce the body of his victim. Late in June, 1903, the body was discovered by a cowboy in a branch of Red Deer river. A bullet dropped out of the remains. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder against Cashel. A remarkable chain of circumstantial evidence, was secured by the mounted police and presented at the assizes. Cashel was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Calgary on December 15. He was placed in the barracks. On December 10 he came of age. He celebrated his birthday in a remarkable way by making the most sensational escape from confinement that Calgary had ever known. His brother John had been early to see him that day and succeeded in handing him two revolvers when the guards were not alert. Towards evening when Cashel was ordered from the jail corridor to his cell, he flashed these revolvers in the faces of the three unarmed policeman who were supposed to be guarding him. He made the trio step into his cell, locked the door upon them, secured a key with which he unlocked his prison and with a blithe "good-by, boys," he left the barracks unmolested.

The story of his capture, like a rat in a trap, after he escaped from the barracks at Calgary on the eve of the day first set for his execution, is not the least exciting chapter in his history. "Aod, boys; I don't want to be hanged, but I don't want to kill any of you, so I guess I'll have to give myself up." These were the murderer's words when he surrendered to go to the scaffold after his six weeks' freedom. He came out of a cellar with his hands high in the air and started again on his way to the gallows.

Early in the morning of the fatal day to Cashel, a party of 40 men assembled determined to capture the murderer. Cashel saw them coming and retreated from his lair in the haystack to the cellar of the house. Constable Biggs jumped down the cellar after him. As the policeman bearing a lamp, appeared at the foot of the cellar stairs, a bullet whizzed past his head. Biggs scrambled out of the cellar, shut down the trap door and Cashel was virtually captured.

The house was surrounded and rifles covered the cellar door. Inspector Duffas called out to the murderer to drop his revolver and come out quietly, or he would be shot. Cashel's reply was a revolver shot. Then Biggs went back to the cellar and a duel took place. Cashel fired two shots, both of which went unpleasantly close to the policeman. The latter returned the fire and the murderer lost a piece of his boot. Biggs retired and the police informed Cashel that they intended to burn him out. The hunted man determined to run a bluff.

"Boys," he called out, "I'm going to kill myself. You'll find a letter on the floor to my mother. Come and get it before it is burned, and for God's sake put out the fire, I don't want to be roasted." True to their word the police fired the house. The inspector again called to him to come out. Cashel decided not to kill himself. He slowly came forth from the cellar with his hands held above his head. As he reached the door he dropped his hands and peeled off his coat in order to show that he had no arms about him. He mumbled up to the police and insisted on shaking hands with them. He said he was sick of the whole business.

The posse tried their level best to extinguish the flames, but failed, and the residence was burned to the ground. During the drive to

GOOD FOR FARMERS

WHEAT A DOLLAR A BUSHEL
IN CHICAGO.

A Big Advance Also in Oats and Corn—Impelled by Fear of the Breaking Out of War in the Far East the Market At Present Is Lively.

Chicago, Feb. 3.—One dollar wheat was an actuality today, and the fondest hope of the Western farmer was realized. The magic mark of dollar wheat was reached this morning when two carloads of winter wheat were sold in the sample room of the Board of Trade for 100 cents per bushel, the highest price that has been paid for the grain since the Leiter deal of 1898.

The fact that the price which has so long been the goal of the farmer, had again been attained, gave stimulus to the efforts of Armour, the bull leader in the pit, and shortly after the dollar price had been reached in the sample room, prices in the wheat, corn and oat pits had established new record, completely eclipsing the previous high marks for the past 12 months.

The traders in the big pit, impelled by fear of the impending war and of the Armour corner, feverishly bid the price of wheat for May delivery to 94 cents, while the operators in corn sent the mark for that grain to 54 7-8 cents, a price which has been reached but once before since 1894.

Oats, not to be outdone, advanced to 46 1-4 cents, the highest price since July, 1902.

The greatest force in all the pits today was the great outside public. Armour in wheat, Patten in oats, The Eastern Syndicate in corn, all temporarily resigned their scepters to the people who, firm in their belief in higher prices for grain, flooded the commission houses with orders to buy, which in the course of execution, sent the price of cereals above any mark that has been reached the past 12 months.

Although temporarily dethroned, the great bull leaders still wielded great influence on the markets, and to the efforts of Armour, Patten and Bartlett Frazier, who heads an Eastern group, the record prices are largely due.

Wheat has not been so high as at present since 1898. Corn reached 88 cents in 1902, and 53 cents in December, 1903. Oats rose to 56 cents in July, 1902, and again to 55 cents in March, 1903. The net gains in values today were 2 cents a bushel for May wheat, 3 cents a bushel for corn, and 1 cent a bushel for oats.

London, Feb. 2.—From the Russian capital and Japan news shows that the inevitable struggle between the two countries will take place before long. From St. Petersburg comes announcements that the government has completed war preparations and grimly awaits the action of the Japanese government. Russia's reply will be a flat refutation of Japan's claim to exercise any power in the settlement of the Manchurian question. It is thought Russia will throw off her mask and give Japan the alternative of retreating or declaring war.

Russian papers today agree that the treaty guaranteeing Manchuria and the permission for Japan to fortify Southern Korea, making a closed sea, are impossible.

Calgary he joked and whistled, and lamented that he had been fool enough to give himself up.

"I'm sorry I was such a coward," he said once. "When Biggs came down the cellar I thought he was a civilian and I'm d-d sorry I did not take a piece out of his ear as he did my boot. I could have got away at any time before getting into that house, but I stayed on my brother's account. I could not go away and leave him while he was under arrest. I'm glad I did not kill any of you boys, though I wanted to kill Pennyquick. I have been looking for him ever since I escaped."

Cashel seriously objected to the papers saying he came from Buffalo, Wyo., and Texas. He was born in Nebraska in 1882. He was a dead shot. "I can shoot holes through 50-cent pieces thrown in the air," he proudly exclaimed when telling of opportunities to kill policemen of which he did not avail himself.

Chicago, Jan. 28.—"Block the limited there's a man on the cowcatcher."

This message, flashed along the Pennsylvania line, told the story of a railroad accident just outside of Chicago, which nearly cost a man's life and which trainmen say was almost unprecedented in their experience. John Hancock, while crossing the tracks in Park Manor, was caught from his feet, hurled in the air, re-caught on the cowcatcher, and while the train sped on nearly a mile a minute he saved himself by wrapping himself around the iron beams in front of the engine.

Two of his ribs and one of his legs were broken, yet in spite of a freezing temperature, he clung for four miles, unable to get a signal to the engineer and fireman, who were only a few feet behind him. Not until telephone messages were sent ahead and the train was stopped by signal at the river line station was the man rescued.

Washington, Jan. 28.—The president had a happy time yesterday with three Navajo Indians, who called at the White House to see him. They could not speak English, but they talked with Mr. Roosevelt through the sign language.

One of the chiefs told the president, through an interpreter, how he rode 180 miles at top speed to be present at his own trial on a murder charge. He was released on his verbal promise that he would be in court when he was wanted and he told the president with great delight how he got there on time.

The president patted him on the back and drew some comparisons between the Indian's word and that of the average white men.

SOMETHING ABOUT HER.

The Steamer That Runs Between Yaquina and Coos Bay.

The little steamer Roscoe, which plies regularly now between Yaquina and Coos Bays was expected at Yaquina yesterday. Speaking of the boat the Marshfield Mail says:

The Roscoe is a staunch and seaworthy craft of 117 tons register and 800 pounds horse power, having accommodations for 26 passengers. Her commander is Captain E. W. H. Crangle, who has had long experience on the coast, and is well qualified to look out for the safety of his boat and her passengers.

The Roscoe will make the run from Coos to Yaquina in about 8 or 9 hours when she goes direct, and passengers can take the train at Yaquina, going through to the interior without discomfort.

She will call at the Siuslaw only when she has freight or passengers for that point. Yaquina will be the headquarters and a trip will be made about every ten days.

Enough freight and business is in sight to justify the owner of the Roscoe in placing her on this run, an important item being flour from Corvallis. This flour once had a large sale here but the interruption of transportation facilities caused temporary withdrawal from this market.

It is now being placed on sale here again and there will doubtless be a good demand for it.

Are You Restless at Night?

And harassed by a bad cough? Use Ballard's Horehound Syrup, it will secure you sound sleep and effect a prompt and radical cure. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Graham & Worthingham.

Dr. Wells, the Albany V.S. will be at Fruit's livery stables every Friday of each week. Bring your horses and have them examined free of charge.

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